

The Young Churchman.

"Feed my lambs."

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Grassdale.

CHAPTER

THE AGITATOR'S REWARD.

About this period, the system of *Trades' Unions* generally prevailed in Mr. Growler's town; and though that personage was himself a master, his restless spirit of agitation urged him to take part with the turbulent and malcontent operatives. It was flattering to his wretched vanity to be looked up to as a patron and leader; and he gladly accepted the distinguished post of Chairman of the "Permanent Central Committee of Oppressed Hirelings," which held its sittings week-day and Sunday, at the *Tom Paine's Head*.

At these meetings, as might be anticipated, the sentiments enunciated were of the most inflammatory nature. Employers, who did not succumb to the dictates of the imperious conclave, were called domineering tyrants, and held up to detestation as being the natural enemies of "the people." By this last expression was denoted, not the sober, industrious portion of the community, who studied to "fear God and honour the King," but that class, always plentiful, and much too numerous in these latter days, to whom the voice of the oily, insinuating demagogue, is more alluring than the uncompromising, anti-democratic word of Jehovah!

For a season, Sampson and his associates contrived to keep the public in hot water, without compromising their own personal safety. Emboldened, however, by the impunity which had attended their proceedings, they ultimately ventured upon

acts which brought them within the grasp of justice.

Having proclaimed a strike, of unusual magnitude, the "Central Committee" issued a proclamation, denouncing, in terms neither measured nor equivocal, personal violence against all who would not take part in the conspiracy. To add to the terrors of this manifesto, a ghastly wood-cut, representing a coffin, skull, and cross-bones, — neat types of the tender mercies of Radicalism! — garnished the document.

The legal advisers of the Crown, having declared this paper to be of a criminal nature, and Sampson's name having been appended to it, that personage was apprehended, examined, and fully committed for trial. At the ensuing assizes, he was found guilty of the charge, on the clearest evidence; and though he made a flowery address to the Court, in which he compared himself to all the *patriots* and *political martyrs* who had ever pined in dungeon or swung on "gallows tree," his eloquence fell in vain upon the dull ear of *unexpedient* justice. The "State-paid Judges," as they were indignantly denominated at the *Tom Paine's Head* that evening, sentenced the champion of *freedom* to twelve months' imprisonment in one of the public *Bastiles*, — enjoining, moreover (which was the severest part of the doom), that their victim should be kept at hard labour, and be restricted to a diet not overly luxurious!

As a matter of course, this catastrophe had the effect of bringing Mr. Growler's business to a sudden termination. His foreman, faithful to the last, did all in his power to secure a revision for the bankrupt felon, but his efforts were crowned with but slender success. A large majority of